THE DARK AND THE BRIGHT SIDE OF NEW YORK CITY

For 20 years, until it was obliterated to make room for a new apartment house, a little back yard upon the West side and the rear window of the house it served were pointed out from the windows of elevated trains flying past as the scene where Broker Hatch, caught in a degrading amour and seeking to escape, leaped for a footing in a tree that stood below, and was dashed to his death on the flagging.

The Shadow on a Great Name.

For so long a time and longer, unless it too mercifully yields to rebuilding, will the sordid little saloon be pointed out where Nicholas Fish, heir to vast wealth and a great name, was killed in a revel with strange women in the early afternoon. It was the crowning tragedy of a month that has fairly reeked murder.

The Fishes have vast wealth. Stuyvesant Fish is president of the Illinois Central; his wife the deputy leader of New York society; his daughter a belle just "out." Nicholas Fish was a banker of solid standing. His son, more fortunate in his death, was that Hamilton Fish who was almost the first American to die in the Spanish war. Young Hamilton Fish was a youth of enormous physical strength and unbridled passions. He was constantly getting into brawls where his vast strength and utter recklessness made him a dreaded antagonist. Policemen used to fear an encounter with him more than even with the redoubtable "John L." himself. "John L." could usually be reasoned with. They said of young Fish, when his manly beauty was laid low, that he was fortunate thus to die. Just about that time a small breathing place upon the East side, named for the statesman of the family, the "Hamilton Fish Park," was thrown open to the people. The coincidence gave rise to the prevalent error that it was meant to honor the soldier dead; and so about the name of the headstrong youth is already growing up a legend of manly deeds and almost superhuman prowess. He will not be easily forgotten.

The Mormon Murder Mystery.

Hot upon the heels of the Fish murder came the most singular crime that has astonished even New York for many a day.


The Mormon's Happy Home.

A poor drab of the streets, whose pathetic fate revealed that happily in her childhood home nothing was known of her but what was good, was killed under circumstances of fiendish brutality and premeditation by the grandson of Brigham Young, the Mormon apostle. The killing took place in the very heart of the crowded "Tenderloin," the gayest and cruelest portion of the city. The respectable apartment house where the young woman was killed was also the home of several Mormon missionaries, who preach the Latter Day Saints' gospel in New York, polygamy and all. The father of the murderer himself had hired three apartments in the place—rumor has it for three wives who wish separate quarters. And, strangest of the strange, under the same roof lived three or four of the brightest newspaper reporters in New York, not one of whom suspected the criminal, or, for that matter, had so much as seen him—so little does the New Yorker know of his neighbors.

It needed but the hint of religious mania suggested by the young man's written notes of Scriptural passages upon "blood atonement" to set New York shivering to stories of the avenging Danites and the Mountain Meadow massacre. It would have taken little to start a panic fear of mysterious murderers killing in the name of an abhorrent creed.

A City Where Strange Things Happen

Of course strange things happen in New York. There is room for them. The place is big. It may seem strange, for instance, that there are in the town from 5,000 to 10,000 professing Mormons. The fact is unknown or ignored except when some exciting news calls it to attention. This news usually takes the shape of the conversion of some beautiful young woman of refinement and social standing. There are fewer men converts. The missionaries are all men. They have plenty of money. They hold services in several churches, and in a great Brooklyn theater. They are strongest where the population is of the purest English stock. Upon the foreign born, except Germans and Swedes, they have no influence. I have never heard of an Italian convert.


Puzzle—Find the Mormon Missionary.

In the main the Mormons are quiet enough. They have to be. This is a city of usually well behaved people. Even the Fish case might give rise to exaggerated notions. For there are few saloons in New York where women are seen drinking. Such a sight is in London common. Charley Murphy, the new head of Tammany Hall, is no saint; but in the four saloons which until lately he controlled, no woman was ever permitted to drink. The great East side, which is the city, is orderly, and religious. The gilded viciousness that flaunts itself in the Tenderloin would fade soon enough but for the constant stream of money poured into the hoppers of the mill of vice by strangers in town.

And while the scion of one ancient and honored house, though a man in gray hair and sober years, is carousing and paying the price with his life, the great work of charity, of rescue, of neighborliness, of hope, goes on. What a pity that Nicholas Fish, with all his wealth, could not have visited the East side upon that mission instead of another!

The "Water Babies" of the Goulds.

Last year a beautiful white yacht lay for weeks in the cove to the rear of President Roosevelt's house at Oyster Bay. The place is called Cold Spring Harbor, and the most beautiful about Long Island it is. By-and-by it was known that a stranger had come aboard the yacht, and she steamed away and the wealth of the land was congratulating Mrs. George Gould upon the birth of a daughter.


Bringing the Water Babies.

This year another white yacht lay in the same place. She was the Helenita, a floating palace more than 200 feet in length. The storks must have learned the way; for just the other day they carried to Mrs. Frank Gould a baby that will be known as Helen. It is a happily happening name; it will remind everyone of the elder Helen Gould, whose life is devoted to good works and who possibly has more friends than any other woman in the east. But the baby bears her mother's name as well as her aunt's. For the mother was Helen Kelly, daughter of Eugene Kelly, the banker. Mr. Gould is a very young father; it is only a short time ago that he enjoyed his "coming-out" party, when he became 21. He received from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000 from the estate of Jay Gould; his wife has perhaps nearly as much in her own right, and they are in many ways a fortunate pair.

More fortunate in their youth than John D. Rockfeller, with all his millions and his ruined digestion. Of Mr. Rockfeller's recent loss in the burning of his country house at Tarrytown, you must have read. The popular idea of this house was that it was a vast affair, suitable to the grandeur of the richest man in the world. But there is nothing grand about either Mr. Rockefeller or his abodes. He is himself a soft-voiced, patient-looking, rather sickly and faded little man. The burned house, though standing in a splendid estate, was itself a trifling relic of the "gingerbread" style of architecture to which its owner had from time to time added a few rooms as he needed them. In New York Mr. Rockefeller lives almost as quietly—not upon Fifth avenue with the other millionaires, but on a side street, in a house which is fine enough but would never be noticed in that neighborhood.

The "Servant Girl Problem."

From time to time the telegraph announces the solution somewhere, somehow, of the "servant girl problem." The latest solution, in New York, may interest you.


Her Reign Is Threatened.

It is an apartment house, where you can have—if you like and care to pay $16,000 a year rental for it—5,000 square feet or less of a floor space. Each tenant has his library, bedrooms, parlors and dining-room as usual, but no kitchen, no servants. His meals are shot up to him in a little elevator designed to keep them hot; his drinks sent up in another arranged to keep them cool; the waiters who are to serve them come in another elevator reserved for servants. In this ride the chambermaid and cleaners, the valets and lady's-maids who are to be kept on tap, as it were; ready to flit to any point when called for.

You have the absolute privacy in your own rooms which deadened walls and the absence of any but your own family give. But you can give a sumptuous banquet for 20 people without the slightest bother at an hour's notice; you can have a valet in three minutes and for as long as you like without either hiring him or looking up his references. You can, if you prefer, dine in the restaurant and admit no one to your rooms, living there like a recluse. Or you can keep as many servants as you care to upon the one condition that they do not live in the flat. When their work is done they go elsewhere to sleep. It is not thought that many

OWEN LANGDON.

Lesson in American History in Puzzle.

"TURN THE BLOOD-HOUNDS LOOSE." FIND TWO OF THEM.

WHITE PATCHES ON THE MOON

Thought by an American Observer to Be Snow, But English Scientist Says Not.

From a series of photographs taken in Jamaica a few months ago, Prof. W. H. Pickering has concluded that a small amount of snow may exist on the moon's surface. He noticed in particular that the great walled plain of Plato shows a regular progressive change during the lunar day. White patches are seen upon its floor, which, as the sun rises higher above it, diminish in size and vanish; and these, Mr. Pickering believes to be snow. In an article entitled: "Changes on the Moon—Real and Apparent," in the Pall Mall Magazine, Mr. E. Walter Maunder states his reasons for believing that Mr. Pickering is mistaken, reports the St. Louis Republic.

The observation itself may be accepted. Indeed, there is nothing novel about it. Such changes in the illumination of the floor of Plato are described in all the text-books, and, so far as his observations have yet come to hand, they appear to contain nothing new.

For to have snow we must have an appreciable atmosphere, capable of sustaining water vapor; and that the moon has no such atmosphere we know, both from observation and from theory. The sharpness with which a star disappears when the moon passes before it, the intense blackness of all shadows on the lunar surface, the crispness of the horns of the crescent moon, the absolute lack of any spectroscopic evidence for a lunar atmosphere during an eclipse of the sun—an observation which was repeated under the most favorable circumstances by the French astronomers in Egypt during the eclipse of November 11 last—are quite sufficient to rule an appreciable lunar atmosphere out of court.

But the theoretical consideration are yet more conclusive. The first point to note is that a lunar atmosphere, if it existed, would be distributed in quite a different fashion from the atmosphere of the earth. Here we find that if we climb a mountain some three and a half miles high—a little higher than Mont Blanc, that is to say—we should have passed through one-half of the atmosphere; the barometer would record for us a pressure but one-half what it had done at sea level. Were is possible to ascend to twice that height, to seven miles, the pressure would be reduced to one-fourth; and at ten and a half miles, to one-eighth. Not so with the moon's atmosphere. Whatever its density on the surface we should have to ascend nearly 20 miles before that density was reduced to one-half, and to 47 miles before it was quartered. This difference of distribution, if we take account of it atone, would have a very striking effect. For, if the atmosphere density at the moon's surface were no greater than that at 40 miles above the earth's surface, at 50 miles above the two planets the moon would have the denser atmosphere, and for all heights above that. The total amount of such a lunar atmosphere would nearly correspond to that above a distance of 30 miles from the earth, though its distribution would be very different for its density would be much more nearly uniform. Such an atmosphere could not fail to give evidence of its presence in twilight effects, and in softening the extreme hardness and blackness of lunar shadows; but it would be quite incapable of carrying any appreciable amount of water vapor, or of sustaining any cloud that could possibly make its presence felt across the 240,000 miles which separates us from the moon.

REMOVED MANNERS BUMP.

Vienna Surgeon Operates on the Brain of a Young Man with Queer Result.

Dr. Karl Diwald, one of the best-known surgeons in Vienna, has just drawn attention to a very peculiar case, says a London paper.

A young man who was attending the military college was accidentally shot in the head by a revolver, and Dr. Diwald, who was summoned to attend him, extracted the ball and at the same time removed a fragment of the brain.

Serious results were expected, but the young man speedily recovered and soon afterward passed a successful examination.

Strange to say, however, since the operation took place his manners and habits have been deplorable, which is the more remarkable since he was reputed to have been one of the most polished young men in Vienna. His associates now say that they cannot tolerate him and that even at table he is constantly guilty of gross breaches of good manners.

Dr. Diwald maintains that the portion of the brain which he removed while extracting the bullet must have been that very part which controls all matters relating to decorum and good conduct; in other words, that the bump of good manners is located in that part of the brain, and, that, since he has lost it, the young man finds it impossible to display good manners.

A Wifely Practice.

Smythe (to servant)—Bridget, I have to go out this evening, and I want you to see that your mistress gets this note as soon as she comes in, without fail.

Bridget—Yiss, sorr; I'll just lave it in the pocket of the trousers y've just taken off. She'll be sure to go through them.—Columbus Dispatch.

This is an age of invention, of industry, of labor-saving machinery. The times demand speed and comfort in railroad travel How can we get both in our large cities?

FUTURE OF THE TUNNEL IN LARGE CITIES

By JOHN B. McDONALD,
Contractor for the New York Subway and the Proposed East River Tunnel.

By elevated railroads? No; they are too noisy. When run by steam they are dirty. When run by electricity they are dangerous

Except for short distances the surface road is out of question.

THE TUNNEL ALONE REMAINS. It alone offers speed, comfort, cleanliness, safety.

London has a famous system of tunnels. Boston ranks the subway among her most important civic improvements. In New York we are undertaking a stupendous task. We are building a tunnel 21 miles long underneath the most thickly populated city in the world. We are cutting through the bowels of the city, and above the traffic goes on unhindered. This improvement will cost $35,000,000. It would have to be built if it cost twice as much. We are about to build a tunnel under the East river at a estimated cost of $5,000,000.

We employ 10,000 men. The work continues night and day. Despite the difficulties which we have had to struggle against, the work is already half done. Cars are now building and in 18 months they will be running. All this should have been done long ago, before the city was built up as it now is. Did it pay to put it off?

The tunnel is a PRODUCT OF THE HIGHER CIVILIZATION. As civilization advances the tunnel will keep pace with it, until it becomes the main method of transportation in large cities.

John B. Mc. Donald

WERE SOCIETY PALS.

They were "Society Pals," if my readers will tolerate such a slangy description of them.

He, Jim Broughton, was an officer in a battery of artillery stationed at Braybridge. Men of social standing with time enough on their hands to participate in social events were few in Braybridge and Capt. Broughton was in great demand by the ladies. But Capt. Broughton was not socially inclined when it came to matters of afternoon teas and such like. He usually went, to be sure, but it was as a matter of duty more than pleasure.

She, Maude Brierley, was the daughter of the vicar of St. Botolph's, a village three miles from Braybridge.

They had only known each other for a few months, and, without being actually in love, were conscious of a feeling of satisfaction when each caught sight of the other in a drawing-room, in a ballroom or at a meet of the hounds.

"She's here, anyhow, so it won't be so deadly," was more than once the unspoken observation of Jim Broughton, as he found himself, perhaps one of three men, handling tea and coffee at a five-o'clock "crumpet worry," where females most do congregate.

Maude also had more than once said to her sister as she drove into Braybridge for some entertainment or other:

"I hope Capt. Broughton will be there; all these sort of things seem to go off better when he is there."

But she would have utterly laughed to scorn the idea that she was in love with him.

But the man took a different view of the friendship. He began to feel so insufferably bored at any gathering from which Maude was absent, and she always appeared to him to be so genuinely glad when she met him, that he quite made up his mind that he had only to put the important, if rather trite and ancient question, to find himself the accepted lover of the nicest girl in the neighborhood. Yet Jim Broughton was not a conceited man—in fact, the reverse—but he had, like many men, been always trained up in the belief that every girl, more especially every girl belonging to a large family, was bent on getting a husband; as to what the husband might be like, was, he believed, a matter of secondary importance to the girl. Hence the mistake he made and his consequent discomfiture.

He found himself one afternoon, whilst hunting, within a mile of St. Botolph's; there was no scent, and it had come on to snow, so, under the circumstances, perhaps he may be forgiven for turning his horse's head away from hounds at three in the afternoon, particularly when he could see through the leafless branches, creaking in the snowstorm, the house which held the girl he was beginning to feel he could not do without.

Some more people came to tea, and Broughton found himself sitting in rather a far-off corner of the big drawing-room with Maude. He thought that she looked a perfect little lady, from the coils of her pretty hair (the one beauty the girl's few enemies allowed her) to the point of her tiny shoe; and, more than that, the thought came to him that she was a good woman, and every man, I believe, however bad he may be, deep down in his heart hopes that the woman he loves may be that.

Presently Broughton bent towards her and in a low voice addressed her as "Maude;" he had never called her so before, and she thought it a little forward of him. Then she understood that Capt. Broughton—Jim Broughton, as he was called by everybody—was asking her to marry him!

But she had never dreamt of marriage with him! Thought chased thought through her brain. Had she encouraged the poor fellow? How nice it was of him! Would it hurt him much to be refused?

In the pleasant twilight Broughton got his answer.

"Why did you ask me that, Capt. Broughton?" He heard in her voice a new note, a note of pity or of pain. "I cannot do what you ask me. Never, I'm afraid. I am so sorry."

"Never mind," said poor Jim Broughton.

One night she, with her father and mother, dined at the Murdochs'. It was a large party. As they stood and sat about previous to dinner being announced Mrs. Brierley glanced with justifiable pride at Maude; she, in pearl-gray, looked, in the subdued light of the standard lamps, a charming picture of graceful refinement. Maude was talking to a commonplace old lady about the ravages of the influenza. There were two young fellows in pink near her; suddenly she heard one of them make a remark which seemed to stun her and stop the beating of her heart.

"Poor Jim Broughton got a bad fall."

"So I hear; horse came right on top of him, I believe."

"Yes; served him right, you know; he had no business to ride at such a place."

Maude found herself praying that she might not faint or make a scene, for this news hurt her terribly. After he had got his answer that wintry afternoon he had systematically kept away from her; she never met him now at people's houses, and she never thought she would have missed him so. And now, perhaps, he was going to die.

"Is Capt. Broughton badly hurt?" she asked the young man at her side, in a voice she tried to keep steady.

There was a little catch in her voice, which for the life of her she could not help. The young fellow glanced quickly at her.

"I don't know, Miss Brierley; he may have only wrenched some sinews—you can never tell. He simply went at a place, as hard as he could, where there was absolutely no foothold for a horse; he has been going like a madman the last few weeks. I can't think what has come to him."

Maude talked hard and fast about the Meredith's dance—talked the subject to death. Discussed floors, and how to make them slippery; she complained that the music had been too far away, and then said she liked it far away; said Mrs. Meredith was the best hostess in the world, and then found herself agreeing heartily with her neighbor when he said she never introduced a soul; in fact, her conversation was so odd that the young man in pink told the other young man in pink that he thought she was rather "dotty."

Next morning her father went in to inquire for Broughton. He was not going to die. His collar bone was broken, and he was one big bruise, but a few weeks of laying up would, the doctor said, put everything right.

By that evening's post the poor fellow, who had been eating his brave heart out in silence for so many weeks past, received a little note which put him in a state of foolish delight.

"As soon as the doctor allows you," it ran, "you must ask two of us to tea with you; I think perhaps I should recommend Lucy as being the most restful, but I'm going to be one of them!"—Windsor Magazine.

TAG ENDS OF THINGS.

Rome has 954,000 visitors during the first six months of the year.

Trial by jury in Britain dates from the reign of Ethelred I., 866-871 A. D.

Only five outbreaks of yellow fever in English ports are known to have occurred in the last century.

The pearl is the only precious stone that can be skinned. To skin it is often the only way to restore its milky color.

The records of the Great Bank of Newfoundland show that the cod leave there entirely two months every year, December and January.

Of 93 emperors who have governed the whole or a large part of the Roman empire 62 were murdered or died under suspicious circumstances.

The island of Newfoundland—a territory as large as the state of New York—has only about 250,000 inhabitants, and these are sprinkled along the coast line.

HELEN MOON'S CASE.

New Providence, Ia., Oct. 13th.—The wonderful case of little three year old Helen Moon continues to be the talk of the neighborhood and everyone is rejoicing with Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Moon, the happy father and mother.

It will be remembered that this sweet little girl was given up by the doctors with Dropsy. She was so far gone that her eyes were closed up and her body bloated till it was purple.

After everything else had failed Dodd's Kidney Pills were used and to the joy and surprise of everyone she commenced to improve.

This improvement resulted in complete good health and she continues to keep strong and well and without the slightest symptom of the Dropsy left.

The doctors are as much bewildered as anyone at the wonderful cure of this desperate case.